

A Series of Firsts

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Summary: This story is a first in itself, actually. I've never written a drabble story before. And that is what this is: A series of drabbles exploring the castaways' firsts on the island.

1. Chairmakers

The castaways' first bamboo chair... And the first time Skipper broke a bamboo chair.

* * *

><p>"I wouldn't sit there if I were you, Skipper!" warned Gilligan, shaking his head.<p>

"And why ever not, Gilligan?" The Skipper asked, smiling.

"I don't think it'll support your weight!" Gilligan told him, then ducked before the Skipper could hit him with his hat.

"Ooh, Gilligan! It'll support my weight just_fine_!" To prove his point, the Skipper sat down on the bamboo chair.

Unfortunately, Gilligan WAS right.

"I told you so," Gilligan said, grinning proudly. The Skipper glared up at him from the ground, the remains of the bamboo chair scattered around him.

"_Gilligan_!"

* * *

><p>Hi! Unlike my usual stories, this is not going to have a regular update day... It could be updated tomorrow, or in a week, or next year. I don't really know. It depends how long it is until I've come up with an amusing First I want to write a drabble for. I do have a few ideas, but I haven't been motivated enough to write them

yet. I'll get around to it soon, I'm sure, somewhere in between writing my How to Train Your Dragon AU rewrite, its sequel, a Rise of the Guardians chapter story, another How to Train Your Dragon AU, fanart, and reading, plus life outside of my computer.
:D

2. Birdkeepers

The first time Gilligan brought one of his little friends home. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>"Gilligan!" Skipper called. "Gilligan! Where are you?!"<p>

His wayward First Mate had wandered off into the jungle hours ago and hadn't come back yet. Skipper was getting worried.

"Gilligan!" He bellowed again.

"Shh!" Gilligan said from behind him. He jumped, whirling around to face him.

"Gilligan, what were you doing-"

"Shh!" Gilligan repeated, more insistently. "You'll scare him!"

"I'll scare you if you're-" Skipper stopped, catching sight of the little bird nestled carefully in Gilligan's hands.

"He was all alone, Skipper. I couldn't leave him out there, all by himself," Gilligan said earnestly. "Can he stay for a while? Please?"

Skipper tried to say no. He really did.

End
file.